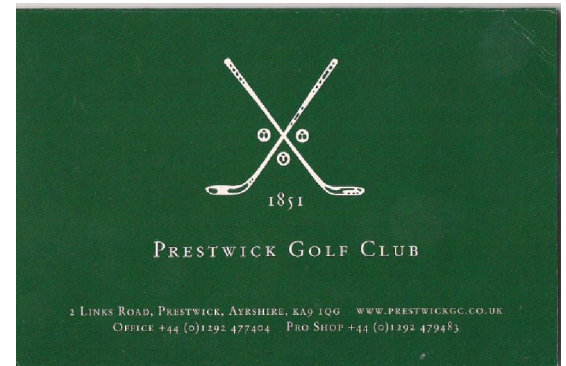


SCOTLAND

Perry Golf provides a 122-passenger cruise ship by the name Clipper Adventure. This cruise is almost exclusively composed of golfers and all arrangements are done through Perry. Tee times at Scottish and Irish courses, caddies, transportation of clubs and travelers, expenses, and meals are all arranged at no inconvenience to the golfer. The Sunday afternoon boarding included the obligatory survival safety drill, opening of the obligatory bar tab and the captains' dinner.

Sunday Sometime in the middle of the night they dropped anchor at our first destination. The sound of the anchor chain running out when you are in a deep sleep is hundreds of times noisier than your kitchen ice crusher, especially if you are experiencing a terminal hangover headache. I'm sure the sound is exactly what the Titanic passengers heard. So two dummies jumped out of bed (bunk), grabbed our life jackets and headed for the passageway, only to find out we were the only dummies out there. So much for rooming next to the anchor room!

Monday: We disembarked in Troon Harbor and were bused over to the Prestwick Golf Club in Ayrshire, which was founded in 1851 where the first Open Championship was played in 1860. The course is a very testing layout, with tight fairways guarded by gorse and deep bunkering around the greens demanding accuracy from tee to green and patience to make your score. Many blind shots will give the player a taste of traditional Scottish links golf at its best.



In the beginning there was golf, it was played under conditions that nature dictated and the player accepted as the ordinary. It is still played here by those standards to this very day. However, the conditions to which I have grown accustomed have been tailored to minimize the natural difficulty factor. Consequently this course has no correlation at all to that which I have grown accustomed to playing. My handicap is absolutely fictitious and is in no way representative of what would be needed to establish a similar index here. A golfer must be able to hit an exacting shot for it to be playable or at least findable. And exacting does not mean straight! If one were capable of hitting the fairway, thus eliminating the rough, that would be a terrific first step. For straight on the fairway is nice, but placement is paramount as regards the contour and innumerable bunkers!

Bunkers are a chapter unto themselves, many are straight-sided, nearly vertical, created by piling up peat turf or sod almost like bags of stacked concrete. Getting immediate lift is nice, but carry is a necessity or else it dribbles back down the fairway, over the edge and right back where it started. They also come in all sizes and shapes, from the little pot bunker to the crater that would accommodate your home.

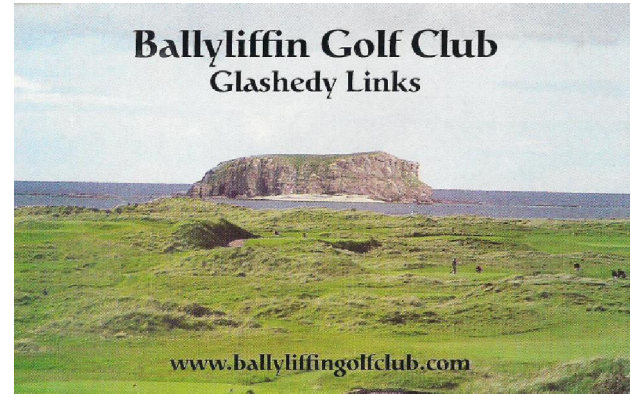
Rough is a misnomer, at home they comprise up to two inches of uncut grass, where chipping back onto the fairway is a given, at the worst. From the rough the closest mown area is only a narrow strip surrounded by more shmutz! A real golfer could probably fly the dune, tall grass, gorse, bracken, moss, brush, heather, weeds, brambles, etc, but for me it requires more whacks than you can imagine in your



worst golfing nightmare. I have personally experienced the origin of the term, "Hacker." Anyway, this is real golf; what we play at home is some imagined modified version of links golf. This course was a reality check, making short work of me.

Back to the ship to lick my wounds (pride) and do something at which I'm quite competent. Pleasantly rocked to sleep and on to Ireland.

Tuesday: Ballyliffin-Glashedy Links in County Donegal, Republic of Ireland is set on the most natural of dunes land with many changes in elevation as the course winds its way through the dunes offering stunning views of the Atlantic Ocean. A very testing course that can still be enjoyed by all standards of golfers due to the strategic placement of tee or so sayeth the travel brochure!

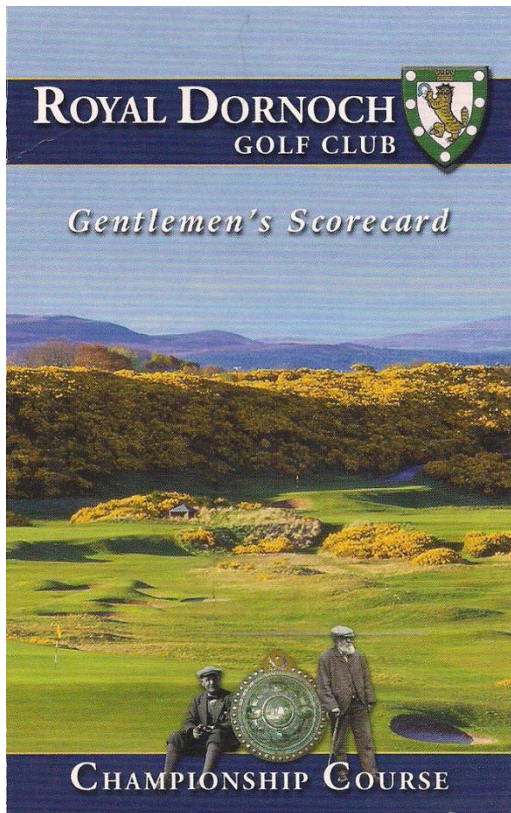


Now this is one unique way of going golfing! Loading overweight uncoordinated octogenarians into zodiacs rising, falling and bobbing alongside the ship, anchored at sea. The abject fear of plopping into the briny caused lots of gripping, clutching, stumbling, snatching, grimacing, grabbing; we referenced ourselves forthwith as geriatric commandos. The threat we would have posed invading Normandy would have the German army general staff rolling on the floor in gales of tearful laughter. Seems the port near the course accommodates maybe large fishing vessels.

The Irish Sea may separate islands, but not the briar patches. Same 'ol, same 'ol rough! Exasperation was overcome by common sense, so I retired the driver after a few holes. I'm a slow learner- just ask any of my elementary school teachers- but this was prompted by necessity. What a world of difference an iron makes. Imagine emptying the swimming pool, sodding the sides, sand in the bottom, drop your ball in the deep end near the side and try to blast out of their sodding traps. They are spot on with the scenery and setting and it's amazing how your clubs just appear and disappear, the crew handle everything. Bus to Londonderry in Northern Ireland for boarding! Another exquisite dining experience followed by local ethnic music in the lounge.

Wednesday: The Clipper Adventure passed under the Skye Bridge and ran up the coast of Scotland where we visited the Inverewe estates and gardens. Once again the geriatric commandos boarded the zodiacs for the trip ashore, well, some did anyway other folks declined the opportunity for another go at the rubber bumper boats. Can you imagine that?

After boarding the ship we headed north along the coast until we got out into the Atlantic, where the ship experienced some pitching and yawing or whatever it's called when the bow goes up and the aft goes down and then the aft goes up and the bow goes down, anyway while this is happening the ship is quartering the swells, so a little bit of rolling from port to starboard comes into play. All this motion makes for hilarious entertainment in the lounge watching the members trying to navigate the room, lurch about with drink in hand and not even being drunk, yet. Cape Wrath is an appropriate name for this corner of Scotland; maybe that's how the term tipsy came into being.

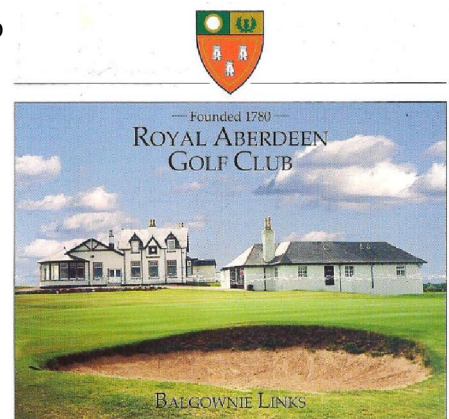


Thursday: The ship arrives at her berth in Invergordon on the Cromarty Firth. The Open Golf Championship begins today in Carnoustie, so when we return there will be a humongous TV screen in the lounge. Today Royal Dornoch Golf Club will be hosting our group. I quote! "Dornoch is perhaps more than most, a thinking golfers' course where it is not enough simply to keep the ball on the fairway. The greens are generally open in the front, but they are also set on Plateau several feet above the fairway. It requires a well struck shot to hold the green and if not, a difficult recovery shot." Well that description explains my round! Mr. Driver didn't get to play today so there were some good moments.

Andrew Carnegie, the great American steel magnate hailed from here. The Royal Dornoch clubhouse has perhaps the most pleasant view from any clubhouse I have ever seen. The course itself is beautiful and the Carnegie Trophy, silver shield, is as impressive a trophy as exists, right up there in the same category as the Stanley Cup. The trophy case itself is a must-see!

Friday: Today we played the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club the sixth- or Balgownie are located on the northeastern shore of Aberdeen, overlooking the North Sea. The course is a fine Scottish links with a traditional out and back layout. It is a demanding course that will test the skills of all players". No buggies today, so the missus suggested caddies, both of which carry single-digit handicaps. Mr. Driver begged to let him play today, that was a mistake that was quickly rectified.

This out-and-back layout is nine holes directly away from the clubhouse and nine back to it. No stopping at the club or quitting after nine. Lounge lizards that we are, more Open golf and another terrific dinner.



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Saturday: On to the Kingsbarns Golf Links is: “A challenging links experience awaits golfers as the courses spacious fairways roll and twist over dune ridges and hollows through Scottish heather and wispy rough along 1.5 miles of scenic coastline near St. Andrews. The main challenge is the vast and heavily contoured greens that require clever shot-making on your approach; otherwise you are looking

at a three-putt or worse.”

Another beautiful seaside course! Got through the front nine with minimal drizzle, but it got so intense by the 15th, we decided to call it a day. Hindsight suggests we should have played through all 18 as we were soaked to the skin anyway, even with rain gear. We would absolutely play this course again if the weather were a bit more agreeable. Another excellent dinner and cocktail party for which we decided not to dress up, much to our consternation, as everyone else did. Quite a number of black helicopters around the course today, which our resident pro suggested were ferrying in Perry golfers. I’m thinking otherwise! Must comment on the ship’s water pressure! No comment! There is no pressure!

Sunday: Today after another hearty breakfast we all received general admission passes to attend the final round of the British Open Championship at Carnoustie with a motor coach shuttling us over to the area. Even though we found a nice spot along one of the fairways the crowd became so huge we eventually couldn’t see anything in front of us so decided to go back to the ship after spending time and money supporting the local economy and making off with bags of souvenirs. One of the pubs was chock-a-block, that is chock full of patrons, and blocked to anymore drinkers.



So we waited in the rain for the shuttle. The drought is over. If it doesn’t rain for an entire day these people assume they are in drought mode. There is quite a quagmire the greens keeper will have to address after the tournament. We got back to the ship to watch the conclusion of the tournament under more hospitable conditions. Sergio Garcia and Padrik Harrington went into playoff format and seemingly neither wanted to win; it was painful to watch two men vying for a trophy play so ineptly. But the drinks kept coming.

Monday: The ship arrived at her berth in Leith, Edinburgh. After breakfast we debarked and bused to the airport for a rental car and a continuation of golf across Scotland and Wales.

